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The
LEHIGH REVIEW



**MARCH
1934**

Included in this Issue:

A Director of Extra-Curricular Activities

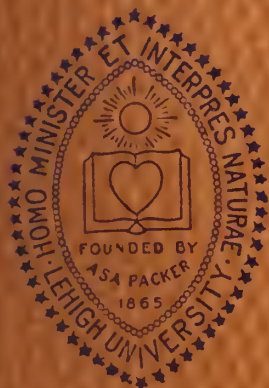
The Man Who Became Immortal

Winner of Bridge Prize

University Bachelors

Corned Beef and Cabbage

The Editor's Easy Chair



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LEHIGH REVIEW

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MARCH 1934

A serious magazine devoted to the interests of Lehigh.

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—McCaa Studios

“Hoot Mon”

A Director for Lehigh's Extra-Curricular Activities

By Tex Eichelberger, M. E., '34.

After Discussions with Dr. C. G. Beardslee, Prof. D. H. Gramley, R. N. Lindabury, W. L. Deemer, C. G. Roper, E. L. Wildman, W. W. Jackson and P. F. Preston.

At the University of Pittsburgh there is a director of student activities who serves as an advisor and who assumes all financial operations of the organizations on the campus.

At George Washington University there is a graduate manager of publications who is responsible for the destinies of student periodicals and who acts as an adviser, but not as a dictator.

At Temple University there is also a director of publications.

Thus improvement in the control and co-ordination of undergraduate affairs is slowly but surely manifesting itself, not only at these universities but on many other campuses throughout the country.



AT LEHIGH we have at least half a dozen different agencies scattered about in a haphazard fashion, attempting to direct, advise and regulate, some in their own distinct fields, some in overlapping fields.

There is a Board of Publications which acts as a governing body on finances, policy and selection of officers; a Committee of Student Clubs dealing with budgets and welfare; a Committee of Student Activities which acts upon social petitions and apportionment of the student activity fee.

Next we have the Registrar's office being burdened with the issuance of a weekly bulletin of coming events.

Then we have Dean McConn handling the class accounts, constitutions and acting in an advisory relation to numerous student problems not normally nor necessarily incumbent upon his office.

Not to forget another angle, we find at Lehigh, the Union with Doctor Beardslee as secretary taking an active part in student affairs; and his secretary who is there to do secretarial work at forty cents an hour.

Further down the line we find editors, business managers and student officers being taxed with the performance of trivial routine duties which are often carried out badly and at the expense of time required

elsewhere because of lack of experience and adequate guidance.

Despite these agencies there are still many functions now non-existent which are of consequence, expedient, and desirable, but still ignored.

It would seem logical, efficient, labor saving, more up to date, flexible and of great general benefit to have these now widespread duties co-ordinated under the jurisdiction of a Director of Extra-Curricular Activities. This Director, a man who would act in a purely advisory capacity, with the power to dictate policy, though one of his duties would be to see that graft and unsocial practices are minimized or eliminated from all student endeavors, would with a secretary, assume the following duties:

1. Keep books and be an accountant for all societies, publications and student governing bodies so desiring. He should also receive financial reports such as the Dean now requires.
2. Authorize expenditures made by all organizations.
3. Keep organizations advised of extra-curricular activities on other campuses.
4. Keep separate and convenient files of constitutions and minutes.
5. Relieve the Dean of details in connection with elections, eligibility and competence of student officers.
6. Supervise activities of all dance and social committees.
7. Have access to all student meetings, except, of course, those whose national constitutions forbid such.
8. Assist in arranging for banquets, conventions, smokers, etc.
9. Assist in entertaining guest speakers and visitors.
10. Assist the sub-freshmen and open-house committees.

11. Lend assistance in presenting student problems to the Faculty and Administration.

12. Be responsible for the calendar of weekly events.

Such a director as this, being in constant contact with the various groups from year to year, could be a great influence and inspiration for maintaining tradition and activities intact, without overlapping, for each organization. He would take over the routine duties often boresome to the students assigned them. Similar reasoning could be applied here as in the instance of Director Kellogg's assumption of certain jobs of student managers.

Through written records and personal contacts this director would be able to insure that organizations proceeded from where their predecessors left off, rather than began anew.

In a recent letter from the Associate Dean of Pittsburgh University in regard to the students' reaction to the assumption of such duties by the faculty he stated, "We have had our system in effect long enough that it is now accepted by the students without question."

Students will perhaps be skeptical or much of this proposal because they may fear that the faculty will be exercising more student supervision and control, but a thorough understanding and investigation of the advantages to be derived will show that they far outweigh the loss of some of the student's so-called liberty.

This proposal is not expected to be accepted as is. It is felt however, that the broad outline is of practical value and should be adopted. Changes and additions will probably be made which will greatly increase its value. There are many implications and possibilities that have not been brought out in an effort to present this proposition simply and as a starter, but which should develop gradually.

Such an arrangement would help to eliminate political selection of eligibles to societies; reduce the cycles of ups and downs for various organizations; obtain a smoother performance of routine work; establish a keener sense of co-operation and appreciation with advertisers; and increase the effectiveness of student groups, for this director would be able to give more individual attention and time to their faults, troubles and functions.

This Director of Extra-Curricular Activities must be a man who can command the respect and confidence of students. He should be a member of the faculty and should be strictly responsible to the Dean. Obviously much of the success of this plan depends largely on the capacities and personality of the man chosen.

This arrangement as set forth here is nothing more than the progress of centralization inevitably going on about us. Only by enthusiastic criticism, rearrangement and concentrated effort, by all, to work out in detail such a plan embodying the good features of a director, can this suggested betterment of Lehigh's activity condition be adopted as a whole or in part.



—McCaa Studios

PACKARD LABORATORY AT NIGHT

The Man who became Immortal

By W. J. Wiswesser, Ch. E., '36.

DONALD STETFIELD was essentially an archaeologist, for he had spent seven years of study as an assistant in the explorations of the Cheops Pyramid. In these seven years he had become acquainted with the innermost secrets of that most secretive wonder of the world. He finally had been discharged because the superstitious provincial Egyptian government had become alarmed at his fanciful but persistent explorations. However, this warning did not keep him away. He and his energetic Chinese servant had little difficulty in dodging the authorities, and once inside that ancient structure no one could ever find them. Because all their work was done "in the shade," the outer world never realized the priceless discoveries which these archaeological burglars made. Stetfield's predecessors thought they knew all the passages that existed in this ancient structure, but he had a firm conviction that they were wrong—that that old monarch's cleverness had been greatly underestimated.

For many months these two searched the museums for hieroglyphic inscriptions, taken from the Pyramid, that were yet to be translated. By accident the scrupulous Oriental came across an apparently worthless document referring to a certain stone on the wall of that blind passage from the empty subterranean chamber—one of the thousands that line the long inner corridors. This suggestion was enough for Stetfield. Frantically he located that inconspicuous piece of masonry, hoping that it might be the opening to that long-sought and still hidden chamber. His efforts to dislodge the piece of stone were fruitless, and he thought at first that document was a hoax. Finally, however, he constructed a powerful battering ram; and the large stone, firmly wedged by centuries of packing, under 5 million tons of granite finally yielded to the blows. It fell into a narrow chamber leading to a still lower subterranean stairway.

Stetfield nervously entered the new-found chamber, followed by his assistant. This passage led to a huge wooden door, hinged and bolted by some ancient alloy of copper and gold. With some difficulty they swung open the portal. As Stetfield entered this ultimate chamber, he took a deep breath of exultation, and was about to cry out for joy when a severe pain seized his chest. The sharp mustiness of this ancient cavern irritated his lungs, but he was far too eager to be dismayed by this discomfort, now that he had reached the end of the trail. Rapidly he flashed the dim electric

torch about the room and gazed at a mass of wealth that surpassed anything ever seen. But it was something in the center of the huge vault that caused him to suspect the stability of his wits: there was a massive porcelain casket floating in a gigantic pool of mercury! He felt himself falling—his head reeled—then blackness.

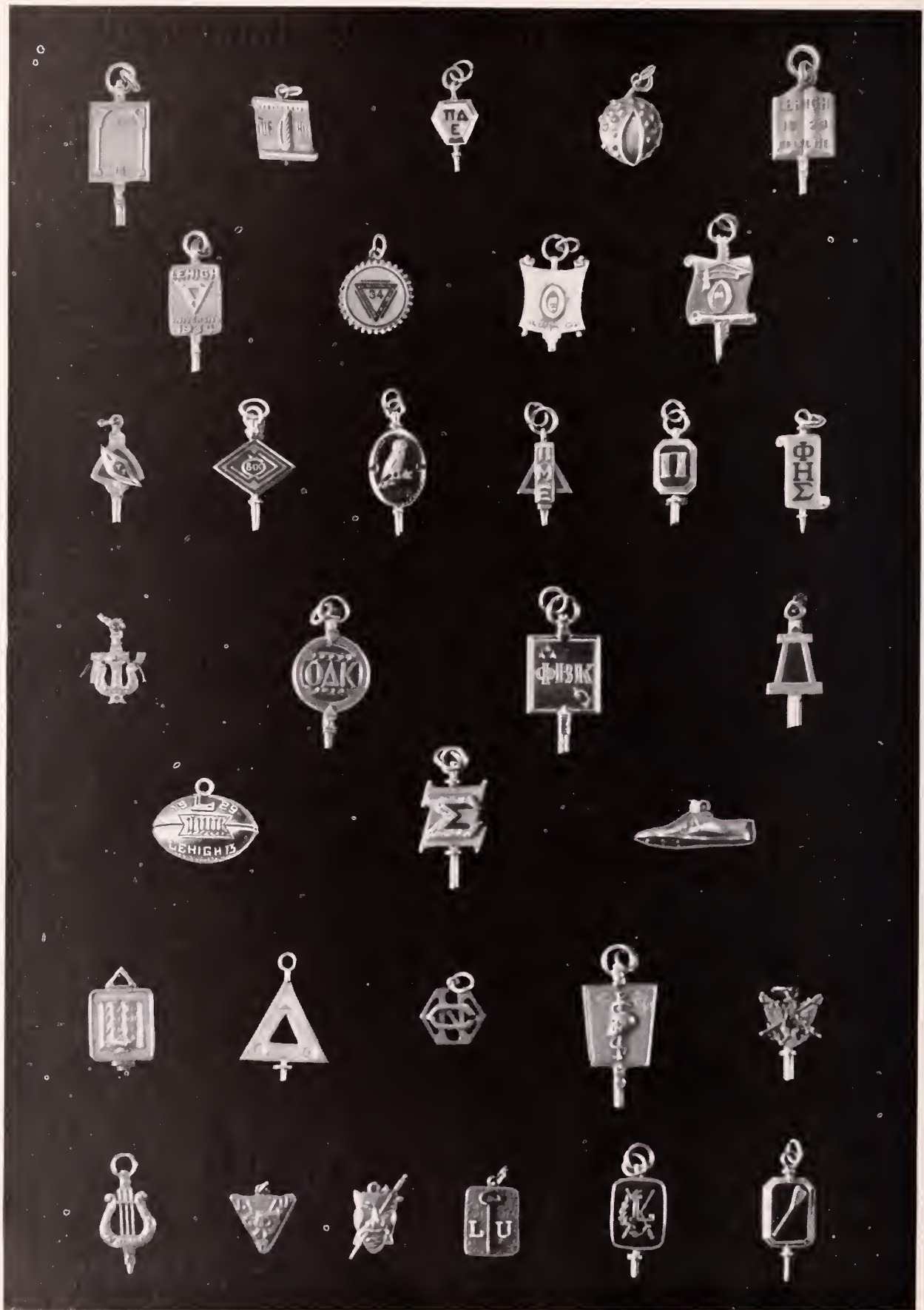
As he regained consciousness, he found himself supported by his faithful little companion, who had dragged him out of the chamber. The bewildered servant insisted that death—in some horrible form—was hiding in that chamber, but Stetfield cast aside such idle superstition and declared that the shock probably was too great for him. Then he anxiously returned to study his discoveries. The mercury was held in a sunken bath of some strong ceramic material, and although the level had dropped considerably—possibly due to slow leakage—there was still a vast fortune on which floated the monarch in his royal casket. Here was the king of kings, who lived during a golden period of prosperity when monarchs had an unexcelled passion for making great self-monuments.

Against the walls were huge jars in which were sealed the most remarkable records ever to be found. There were hundreds of rolls of some gold sheet-metal, on which was inscribed all of the outstanding knowledge of ancient Egyptian culture—all of which had been secretly guarded at that time because of the hostile surrounding nations. These hieroglyphic metallic sheets told of the ancient Cretans' remarkable experiments with robots and flying machines, how they were supposedly punished and subsequently annihilated by a terrific volcanic eruption.

The translation was comparatively simple because the "picture language" was not yet complicated by phonetic modifications. Many times Stetfield wondered why all this wealth of knowledge and metals was so laboriously collected and hidden by these ancient Hamites. Was it possible that this early ruler had foreseen the attempted robberies of his tomb, the destruction of his civilization, and had meant to perpetuate his art and knowledge in this vast engineering project? He was soon to realize man's eternal tendency to think that he is the contemporary in a climax of wisdom. Stetfield was finally convinced that no other motive could account for these strange treasures.

Day after day he searched through these ancient stores of knowledge, and began to realize that in many

(Continued on Page 29)



Lehigh's "Key" Societies

By R. N. Lindabury, Chem., '34.

Editor's Note:—Left to right:—1st row: Review; Brown & White; Pi Delta Epsilon (\$15.50); Burr; Epitome; 2nd row: Freshman, Sophomore, Junior, Senior Class officer keys respectively; 3rd row: Pi Tau Sigma (\$20.00); Eta Kappa Nu (\$27.50, without charm); Eta Sigma Phi (\$10.00); Pi Mu Epsilon (\$5.00, without charm); Newtonian Society; (dues, 25c. per semester) Phi Eta Sigma (\$10.00); 4th row: Alpha Kappa Psi (\$20.00—\$5.00 yearly dues); O. D. K. (\$20.00); Phi Beta Kappa (\$25.00); Tau Beta Pi (\$30.00); 5th row: For beating Lafayette; Sigma Xi (\$0.00); Spiked Shoe; 6th row: Robert Blake Society (\$1.00 year dues); D. O. T.; Cyanide (\$10.00); Pre-Medical Society (\$1.00 per semester); Scabbard & Blade (\$22.50, without charm); Musical Clubs; Lehigh Band; Mustard & Cheese; Brown Key; Fencing Club (\$1.00); Lacrosse Club.*

**Initiation and charm fees in parenthesis.*

URING the latter part of the first term, undergraduate activities have dropped into a dormant condition. On the opposite page are shown the insignia of a number of organizations and campus activities at Lehigh. Some of the societies are well known and active; others are little heard of because of their nature, but are still vigorous. A few might well have passed into oblivion when one considers how little he hears of them.

It is traditional at Lehigh that activities play an important part in broadening a man's education. Let us take the societies in groups and individually to see how they now are, or could be, of interest and value to the undergraduates.

On the first row we find listed the publications, with the national honorary journalistic fraternity, Pi Delta Epsilon. The nature of the publications are well known. Pi Delta Epsilon is heard of little, however. Lately, in fact, periodical news of this society's activities has consisted solely of announcements of election and initiation of new members. This organization might well regain its former position of prestige, if it were to formulate and sponsor an improvement policy for the publications. The present financial status of several of the publications suggests that a plan for soliciting advertising for, let us say, the Review and the Burr together, would be well received by the harassed merchants and would likely result in a greater income for both magazines. Under such a system, an advertisement obtained would appear in both magazines. Certainly, the combined circulation of the two magazines would be a strong selling point not usable now, in obtaining advertisements.

The literary efforts of the average man can improve little without guidance and constructive criticism by some experienced person. The occasional display of fine quality in articles published in undergraduate magazines indicates that, in all probability, there lies dormant in many Lehigh men the ability to produce writings quite above the existing standards of our publications. Undergraduate comment is that the Brown and White executives should insist on more accurate news stories and quotations and less use of stereotyped forms in sport writings, should give closer cooperation to the work of the important campus societies, should not completely accept or reject suggested plans for changes in undergraduate customs, but rather receive them for analysis and amendment. Aside from such improving changes as could be made, it is an accepted fact, however, that the Brown and White has changed from "just another college newspaper" to one of accepted merit among the leading collegiate papers of its type since the establishment of a regular credit University course in which all Brown and White men are required to enroll. If similar courses were established in magazine writing, illustration, and publication, sales psychology and publication administration into which enrollment were required for the competitors for editorial and business staffs of the periodicals, there is little doubt as to the change which would be brought about. Primarily, the quality of writing, the physical appearance, and the financial status of the periodicals would be vastly improved. There also would be a greater interest in the publications, both by competitors and subscribers. The former would more keenly value training received in competition, and the latter would increasingly enjoy the variety and attractiveness of the

issues. Pi Delta Epsilon has as its members, the most outstanding men active in publications. Surely this is the group to formulate feasible and detailed plans for effecting the above suggestions.

The second row on the opposite page, shows us the keys which distinguish the class officers. With exception of the office of senior class president, to which there are certain definite duties and honors attached and carried over into alumni life, there are no duties and responsibilities and but little honor for those holding other class offices at Lehigh. The attendant *political* maneuvering usually controlling the elections of men to these offices and subsequently yielding an unfair distribution of other campus honors, leads some to believe that the abolition of the freshman, sophomore and junior class offices would be a good thing. On the other hand, something is to be gained by arousing student interest in campus affairs by means of popular elections and, in the minds of some, the social distinction gained by merely holding a class office is enough to warrant the existence of such offices. A practical plan for elections limiting unfair practices to a negligible minimum would sustain the latter viewpoint and insure a continuation of class offices. The value of organized politics as a legitimate campus activity might first be questioned, but, for those who participate, there are obvious attendant values in the line of increasing acquaintances, promoting ease of association and developing convincing speech.

On the third row, we find represented in order, Pi Tau Sigma, national honorary mechanical engineering fraternity; Eta Kappa Nu, national honorary electrical engineering fraternity; Eta Sigma Phi, national classical fraternity; Pi Mu Epsilon, national honorary mathematics fraternity; the Newtonian Society, honorary Freshman mathematics society; Phi Eta Sigma, national honorary scholastic society for Freshmen. These societies are little heard of by the University as a whole; however, they play an important role in undergraduate life. They promote and recognize high scholarship, sponsor lectures for the student body and offer opportunities for men to discuss their work and other matters of prime interest.

We next turn to the four best known and most outstanding honorary societies on the campus: Alpha Kappa Psi, Omicron Delta Kappa, Phi Beta Kappa, and Tau Beta Pi. The worth and work done by the first, third and fourth, the national honorary scholastic fraternities for the students in commerce, arts and science, and engineering, respectively, are known to us all. Omicron Delta Kappa, national honor fraternity is for recognition of all around student leadership. Its "purpose is three fold: inspiration to, recognition of, and opportunity for service." Membership in it, there-

fore, besides being an honorable distinction, includes the assumption of definite responsibilities and specific duties. Its members are elected for the good of Lehigh. The organization works silently and effectively. In its meetings students and faculty meet on equal terms to discuss undergraduate problems and situations. The members effect the society's discussions thru other campus-controlling organizations.

Flanking the key of Sigma Xi, national honor research fraternity, are the Lafayette football award and the Spiked Shoe society's charm. The former is awarded to men playing for Lehigh in a Lafayette football game from which Lehigh emerges victorious. The Spiked Shoe Society is an honor society for track athletes. Its purpose and activity is the recognition of outstanding men in track.

Glancing further down the page we find represented the Robert W. Blake Society and Delta Omicron Theta. These two societies are of definite value at Lehigh. The Robert W. Blake Society originated as a course society for students in philosophy, psychology and education, but now is known as The Honorary Philosophical Society of Lehigh University. The meetings of this society provide some of the very few opportunities for intellectual group discussions on philosophical topics and practical matters pertaining to them. Delta Omicron Theta is the now active debating society. Within the past year, its membership has doubled and interest in debating has been stimulated throughout the University. This year, debates are being held with such colleges and universities as Bucknell, Rutgers, University of Pennsylvania, Lafayette, and others. A society in which interest is so high among its members surely warrants better student support than this one now receives. After all, debates are interesting.

Cyanide, junior honorary activity society, is the next organization we find represented. During the past year it has broadened the scope of its activities to include acting as hosts and campus guides for visitors and prospective freshmen. No doubt, Open House Day will find Cyanide men especially busy with these duties.

The symbolical skull and snake of medicine is the insignia of the Robert W. Hall Pre-Medical Society. This is one of the prominent undergraduate organizations in the College of Arts and Sciences. One of the outstanding benefits it affords its members is the clinics featuring actual surgical operations performed in hospitals throughout the Lehigh Valley.

In Scabbard and Blade, we find an honorary society for distinguishing men who have done outstanding

(Continued on Page 36)

Bridge for Engineers

By Jack Dreyfus, Arts, '34.

Solution of Problem of last issue, with name of winner.
Also a New Problem.



THE last article dealt with the Culbertson Four and Five No Trump convention. Just so Hal wont feel so badly this article will discuss the Sims' Three Demand Bid. This bid, since the Culbertson Three bid has fallen from grace, is being used more and more, with accuracy and success, by the Culbertson players as well as by the Sims.

The only fault of the Three Demand Bid is that you don't get enough of them. They are tremendous hands distributionally although they are not necessarily strong defensively. They must be one or two suit hands and must contain ten playing tricks if the contract is to be played in a major suit and eleven if in a minor. In other words an original bid of three guarantees game and evinces much interest in a slam. *The control of the hand is left with the three bidder and the question of going to six or seven lies with him.*

The three bid is a demand for ace showing. If the responding hand holds no ace the correct response is three no trump. Otherwise aces are shown by bidding the suits in which they lie. This must be done in the following order: *With the ace of partners suit show*

that first by raising him to four. Without that ace the other aces should be bid in the order of their rank, namely, spades, hearts, diamonds, and clubs. For example, if your partner bids three diamonds and you have the ace of diamonds and the ace of spades, raise him to four diamonds first and next show the spade ace. But if you have the spade ace and the ace of hearts bid three spades and next show the ace of hearts. If a three bid in spades, hearts, or diamonds is followed by a raise to four clubs, logically, the responding hand can have but that one ace.

There are several important things to remember in connection with this bid. First, your suit must be absolutely solid and of seven card length or else you must have two almost solid suits, one of which must contain six or seven cards. Second, this bid is not to be confused with the Two Demand Bid of either the Sims' or Culbertson system. True it is game guaranteeing, but it need not have the honor strength of the Two Bid, and it must be looking for information concerning aces. If you have four aces or three aces and a void suit bid one or two depending on the strength of your hand. *Never bid three unless you need to know the*

location of one or more aces.

The following hand which I was unfortunate enough to encounter this past summer is testimony of the efficiency of the Sims' Three Bid.

Both sides vulnerable
south dealer

NORTH

S H D C
A A X A
Q X X X
X X X
X X X

S JXXXXX
H KXX
WEST D KQJ10XX D AXXX EAST
C KQJXXXX C

S H D C
10 Q — X
X J X
X 10 X
X X X
X

SOUTH

the writer

Numerous solutions were submitted to last issue's problem hand, and a number of them solved one half of the problem correctly. But to "Ben" Buck goes the credit of turning in the only perfect solution to the hand. Along with the credit goes the REVIEW's prize. The hand is taken from Mr. Lentz's bag of tricks and must be worked by a Double Grand Coup or a Triple Squeeze depending on the defense put up by East.

The hand: South to make Seven Hearts at Double Dummy. Queen of Diamonds lead.

NORTH

S H D C
X X A A
X K K
X X
X
X
X

S K 10 X S XXXXX
H X H QXXX
WEST D QJ1098 D X EAST
C Q10XX C JXX

S H D C
A A X
Q K X
J J X
9 10
X
X

SOUTH

The bidding:

Pass	3 Diamonds	Pass	4 Diamonds
Pass	5 Clubs	Pass	5 Diamonds
Pass	6 Diamonds	Double *	Pass
Pass	Redouble	Pass	Pass
Pass			

*He knew better, but can you blame him with three aces?

Result: Seven Diamonds were made with ease.

Moral: Don't double good bidders after a Three Demand Bid unless you have the setting tricks in trump.

The first trick is taken in the Dummy by the Ace of Diamonds, a Club behind ruffed from South's hand. Next the King of Diamonds is led and this creates the crucial point of the hand. Of course East will not trump here as this would simplify matters for Declarer and the hand could be made by normal methods of play. His question is whether to discard a Spade or a Club. If he discards a Spade the hand must be played for a Double Grand Coup. If the Club is discarded the hand can be made by a Triple Squeeze.

To take the first method of play, assuming that West has discarded a Spade, the King of Diamonds must be trumped in Declarer's hand in order to shorten his trumps to the length of East's. If instead of trumping

this King he let it hold and returned a small Diamond to trump, East could defeat the hand by ruffing a small Club on this lead and also on a later lead of Diamonds. This would eventually enable him to trump the second lead of Clubs. After the King of Diamonds is trumped the Ace of Spades is led followed by the Queen. It is immaterial as to whether West covers this lead or the next. Which ever it is North trumps. Then a small Heart is led from North, West of course ducking and Declarer finesses with the Ten. He then leads out his remaining Spades. Next he leads a small Club, which is won in Dummy by the Ace. A small Diamond is returned and trumped by Declarer. The following situation exists:

NORTH							
S	H	D	C				
		X	K				
		X	X				
S		S					
H		H	Q X X				
WEST D J 10		D		EAST			
C Q 10		C	X				
S	H	D	C				
	A		X				
	K						
	J						
SOUTH							

Now the small Club is led and taken by the King in North. A Diamond is small Club is led and East is trapped. Whether he plays the Queen or a small Heart the rest are South's.

The other method of play is the Triple Squeeze. If on the King of Diamonds East discards a Club, the King is allowed to hold the trick, South discarding the nine of Spades. A little Heart is led and finessed. A small Club is led from South and the Ace is taken in Dummy. Again the Heart is finessed. Then Declarer leads his Ace and King of Hearts dropping East's Queen. This is followed by another Heart and correct discarding results in the following:

				NORTH							
				S	H	D	C				
				X		X	K				
						X	X				
	S	K 10			S	X X X X					
	H				H						
WEST D J					D					EAST	
C Q 10					C	J					
	S	H	D	C							
	A	X		X							
	Q										
	J										
				SOUTH							

South now leads his last Heart and West is squeezed in three suits. If he discards a Spade the Ace of Spades will drop his King and South will have the rest of the tricks. If he discards the Knave of Diamonds the two Diamonds on the Board will be established with like result. His best play seems to be to discard a Club, which we will say he does. Dummy plays a small Diamond and East a Spade. Now a Club is led to the King in North and the small Club is set up. This is returned and it again squeezes West who is faced with the dilemma of discarding his Diamond and establishing the small Diamond on the board or unguarding his King of Spades. It is apparent that either procedure results in Declarer's taking all the tricks.

The new problem which is presented below will not require as lengthy an explanation as did last issue's. It looks easy, but it no doubt will cause a modicum of worriment. The REVIEW offers a prize of one dollar to the first correct solution submitted to the writer. Professors as well as students are enjoined to try their hand at it.

Problem: North to lead, Spades trump, to make all of the tricks at double dummy.

				NORTH							
				S	H	D	C				
				8	K	J	J				
					9	9					
						6					
	S	7			S						
	H				H	Q J					
WEST D 10 7 5					D	Q 4 2				EAST	
C 8 7 6					C	10 9					
	S	H	D	C							
	A		K	4							
	K		3	3							
	5										
				SOUTH							

A Pictorial Inspection Trip



—Courtesy The Bethlehem Steel Company.

1. Tapping a Blast Furnace.

2. General view of a Blast Furnace. The Ore, Coke and Limestone are charged into the furnace at the top of the long incline; the molten metal is tapped off into the large ladles on cars in the recesses underneath this building, and the slag is run off into ladles on cars seen alongside the building. Blast furnace gas (a by-product) is cleaned in the "Washers" and "Scrubbers", the short cylindrical structure at the right. Behind the "washers" and "scrubbers" are the taller "stoves" which utilize the heat of the waste gasses in preheating the air blast.

3. Tapping Steel from a 200 ton tilting Open Hearth Furnace.

4. 14,000-ton Hydraulic Forging Press.

University Bachelors

By J. R. McComb, Arts, '35.

REACTIONS OF BRIDGET.

OW would you feel, if you were male, of voting age and a sophomore in college, and your friends not only called you "Bridget," but your mail arrived addressed to "Mrs.?"

Such was my unfortunate plight last year. Reminiscing, I conclude that it was only because of the attendant advantages that I allowed myself to remain for two semesters in a position that aroused low doubts concerning the nature of my sex.

The depression caused me to begin the school year low on funds and lacking a part-time job. Likewise, it placed my two confederates, Fritz Keck and Johnnie Schleid, in the same position. And so, in order to save money, we decided to rent an apartment and do our own cooking, without, of course, considering which of us would be the cook.

Action followed rapidly upon the heels of decision, and in a few days we had located a suitable apartment, which, though boasting of a shower and an electric ice box, had the disadvantage of being unfurnished. The rental when split three ways was low, however, and that, after all, was what interested us.

Then began the interesting and exacting task of furnishing a three-room apartment with the generous sum of twenty-five dollars, for that represented our total capital.

From a local second hand furniture store we received in exchange for our money, a dining room table, two bureaus of the Victorian era, three desks without drawers, six straight-backed chairs and a combination linen chest and curio stand that had caught the ever-wandering gaze of Fritz. The deal was effected only after two solid hours of pleading, accompanied by frequent starts towards the door.

We now had chairs on which to sit, bureaus to hold our clothes, a table to bear our food and desks at which to study, but alas, one of the most important items in a student's life was lacking. We had no beds! The fraternity of which Fritz and Johnnie were members came to the rescue and supplied us with three beds which, although having been condemned for fraternal use as being unsafe, were welcome additions to our collection.

Sixteen pieces of furniture, all in varying degrees of decomposition, when scattered at random through a

three-room apartment, present somewhat the appearance of a forest after a severe bombardment. But our stock of furniture was increased shortly by the addition of a three-piece living room set, donated by one of Johnnie's feminine friends who displayed more charity than humanity in her gift. The springs in the sofa had the unpleasant habit of rising to meet the occasion with subsequent discomfort on the part of the uninitiated sitter.

The furnishing of our quarters was completed by our respective parents, who, looking upon our domestic venture with rather a helpless doubt, ransacked cellar and attic in an effort to supply rugs, cooking utensils and all those small but important items which add to the domesticity of a dwelling.

At last, after a week of painful toil, we had our new home fairly livable, and we decided that it was high time that we began to cook our own meals. It was in the preparation of meals that we planned to economize, for food was cheap. Fortunately, our kitchen was equipped with a modern gas range, a huge sink that lessened the danger of broken dishes, and an electric ice box, furnished by a crafty electric power company.

Whether it was fortune, fate, or the evil machinations of my pals, I do not know, but I was cast for the role of cook, while Johnnie and Fritz were self-appointed scullions.

We will pass over with all possible speed the culinary attempts of the first meal, for from that event dated my loss of self respect under the title of "Bridget." It was only necessary for Johnnie and Fritz to take one look at me, standing in the kitchen humiliated by an apron and profoundly discouraged with a pan full of self-rising biscuits that refused to rise, and they promptly dubbed me "Bridget."

Not content, however, with keeping my spasmodic and temporary feminine impersonations a family affair, they would consistently invite their friends to "come up sometime and meet Bridget." Moreover, any stray Fuller brush man who called at our door was promptly informed to write a letter to the "lady of the house," my name being given, of course, with the prefix "Mrs."

It would not be fitting, though, to give the impression that our bachelor life was difficult or trying on

any of us. It was not long until we had things running smoothly. The first man to arise in the morning would make the coffee, and we would each grab a hasty breakfast before departing for classes. At noon, our meal would usually consist of cold meats, with the addition of anything which is found in cans and can be heated and served in a few minutes. Then the scullions would wash and dry the breakfast and lunch dishes.

The evening meal required more attention and time. Bridget would do the shopping around four in the afternoon, spend a few minutes making small potatoes out of large ones, and then put salt and pepper on the steak or chops. Once these preliminary rites, which our feminine friends love to veil with mystery, were completed, all we had to do was to turn on the gas and pray. At least Fritz and Bridget would content themselves with praying. The other scullion was one of those doubting Thomases. He must needs poke, sniff, stirr and otherwise molest the simmering viands. This was rather fortunate, though, for in case of a scorched steak or a mess of too salty beans, Bridget could point an accusing finger at the highly indignant Johnnie.

And this reference to Johnnie brings to mind the evening when we laughed loud and long at his expense. We had just seated ourselves at the table when Johnnie was struck with the sudden thought that our family should be more closely organized. He stated, without second thought, that Bridget could, rightfully enough, be the mother. Fritz could play the part of the stern father, and he would be content to be the little boy of the family. With one accord Fritz and Bridget declared that this arrangement was suitable, but inasmuch as they were not married, Johnnie would have to content himself with being a very special sort of little boy.

During the week, life at the apartment, save for the fact that the food was rather unique, was much the same as it is anywhere in college: a certain amount of time devoted to studying, to reading, and to various forms of entertainment. But when Saturday would roll around, the monotony of our existence was broken by the fact that it was time to clean house.

When we first embarked upon our domestic careers, we had not considered that it would be necessary to do any cleaning. After the first three weeks, however, when we began to notice odd-looking balls of grayish matter about the size of honeydew mellons and having

the appearance and traits of western tumbleweeds, we realized that the purchase of a mop and broom would be in order.

Every Saturday morning, consequently, would find Fritz, minus his stiff collar and faultless haircomb, wielding a broom. Johnnie would be engaged in the bathroom, armed with a long-handled brush and a mop. There he would spend two hours playing steam-boat with a cake of soap in the tub and about fifteen minutes engaged in actual labor. As for Bridget, his domain was in the kitchen, where he would proceed to remove tin cans from the floor and the remnants of scrambled eggs from the walls.

And thus, our life at the apartment continued to run its course for one scholastic year. We were able to accomplish our object, for at the end of the first month, when we took inventory, we found that our total running expense per man came to thirty dollars a month.

Of this thirty dollars, twelve went for rent, fifteen for food and the remaining three for gas, light and incidentals. This meant that we were living comfortably on seven dollars and fifty cents per week, which was fortunate for all concerned, for the wolves were numerous on college campuses during the year 1932-33, and more than one student was badly bitten.

A FISH STORY

By R. C. CAMPRELL, Ch. E., 35.

I went to see my girl on the *perch* with a *porpoise* thinking I'd have a *whale* of a time. The *halibut* was I couldn't get to first *bass*. She called me an 'eel so I got on my *pike* and went home with a *haddock*. I won't give up because I intend to *trout* again. I know I am a *shark* and won't start *crabbing*, so if I *oyster* again she will probably say you *mussel* go home. I didn't go home and we had *salmon* time. I *shad* to her, "Oh, *Pearl*, how *cod* you?" She got so mad *her-ring* fell off her finger. I *octopus* her right in the face and I think I *shell*, but I still *lobster*. Then we *smelt* the dinner—oh, what a *snail*. We went into the dining room and there we *sardine-r* on the table. After dinner I asked her, "*Turtle* we do now?" She said, "Let's *roe* the boat."

Sun-fish story, eh?

What a Few "Sense" Will Do



AFTER



BEFORE

Editor's Note:—Numerous Lehigh men were either directly or indirectly connected with the construction of the Empire State, principal among them being Aubrey Weymouth, '94.

Corned Beef and Cabbage



WE had corned beef and cabbage for dinner last night. Ordinarily I wouldn't mention it, but last night I was in a mood in which I very much did not care for corned beef and cabbage and there was nothing I could do about it.

When you live in a fraternity house you never can do anything about it. You pay a certain stipulated sum at the beginning of each month and that is supposed to cover everything. It does, as a matter of fact, cover *nearly* everything, but one of the things omitted is a certain latitude in personal taste.

This is where the cook comes in. It's not particularly important, but it might be mentioned as a matter of record that the cook is a woman of most unusual sort. Being large and militant, she looms physically and morally over her kitchen and the fruits thereof. (I have often amused myself in idle moments hazarding guesses as to her girlhood appearance.)

Her eyes, beady and accusive, are substantially ensconced in a puffy head in such a manner as to bring thoughts of pachyderms and their reputed brain power. To top the indictment, I should add that she waddles, adding the final touch to a physical representation of bull dog determination.

But to get back to the corned beef and cabbage, I might again state that I don't like it, or them, as the case may be. As a matter of fact my family has been one of corned beef and cabbage eaters for generations, although a great aunt on my mother's side is believed to have broken down once and enjoyed some in an unguarded moment.

At the same time, however, the family has been one of great eaters. Almost paramount to the aversion for the doubtful beef and cabbage combination, has been their ravenous desire for certain staples whose lure is not so overwhelming to the gourmand as the former dish.

Being a true heir to this long line of quite ordinary food-eaters-of, there are times when the clamor of the all-American stomach is something fierce, and the quelling of its desires becomes one of the chief pleasures in life.

The actual thoughts of mashed potatoes and gravy, (a dish approved by the family blue book) at times, arouses such a desire that little children going home from school quail at the hungry look "on the guy's face." No I'm not particular.

Now yesterday was one of those times. Between the period of destronomic revelry at noon, and six o'clock, I had plenty of exercise. As the minutes approached dinner time, the traditional empty stomach had really waxed something furious in "fee-fie-fo-fumming" for relief.

Therefore when the dinner bell rang I was off with the crack of the gun for the dining room, found a chair, and sat there, face flushed, in delighted anticipation.

Across from me at the table I found a fleshy fellow who also looked prepared for dinner—a brother.

To tell the truth he always looked ready for dinner. That is one of the things for which I shall never forgive him. A child of purely primary pursuits, dinner is an orgy for him. The very feel of a napkin makes him fairly radiate. In this mood he emits puns until the face-feeding job of the evening is so well under way that only his eyes beam. The other emotional outlets are completely and continually blocked.

Last night, however, I had a feeling akin to compassion for the fleshy fellow. I might have been guilty of a beam or a chance radiation myself. I prompted myself to say that possibly this would be a good meal. The fleshy fellow took the cue, agreed with me and then uncorked two perfectly filthy puns which made me regret that I had ever started anything.

If you haven't figured out by this time that we had corned beef and cabbage for dinner I've been talking over your head and I may as well stop here. But perhaps you've guessed it, so there it was—corned beef and cabbage.

At first I decided to utter a mild little oath entirely for the satisfaction of the soul, but I vetoed that. The oath, I decided, would not remove the corned beef and cabbage.

Nor was there a chance for any change. If you get corned beef and cabbage you get it, and waiting for the next dinner lasts for 24 hours. You develop a cosmopolitan taste in a fraternity or you just don't eat.

The fleshy fellow apparently had no problems bothering him.

"It is," he commented with two more radiations, "the nuts," and then barged into the act of cutting the doubtful pieces into geometric squares for rapid fire

entry into the open space in his bun.

To add insult to injury he spent those minutes in which the squares were being hoisted into his pan, to launch into an intermittent discussion of the values of the food before him and the desirability of other foods, equally uninteresting.

This decided me on him. We could never, I concluded, have anything in common. Anyone who could gorge on corned beef and cabbage, and blither about it for an entire meal, was, in my estimation, either mentally off the trolley or possessed of a tape worm.

But there was still a plate of corned beef and cabbage before me. I thought seriously of the starving Russians. They would, I imagined, long for this mess. Three minutes of effort, however, failed to instill in me the painful hunger pangs of an emaciated Russian. At least to the extent of tackling a piece of cabbage.

I saw the threatening form of the cook through the kitchen door. I could have sworn that she was watching my refusal of her masterpiece. This I dismissed as imagination. I had a piece of bread—this helped. I seriously considered spiking the awful stuff with Worcestershire sauce and ketchup. This was dismissed in turn. To become a spiked corned beef and cabbage eater at my tender age would be hazardous.

The fleshy fellow began to resemble the famous Jiggs to me more and more. That comic character I recalled, was fond of this prostituted dish. I failed to see more humor in the situation however, and again pulled through a crisis with a slice of bread.

The food trust across the table, having worked ruin on his helping of dinner began to glance at my plate. I suspected a tactical point and it came.

"Don't you like corned beef and cabbage?" he asked innocently.

Realizing the mental effort required to reach this point, after seeing my plate untouched for twenty minutes, I gave him the benefit of the doubt.

"No," I told him.

"Don't you want it?" he demanded, subtleness lost in the thrill of success.

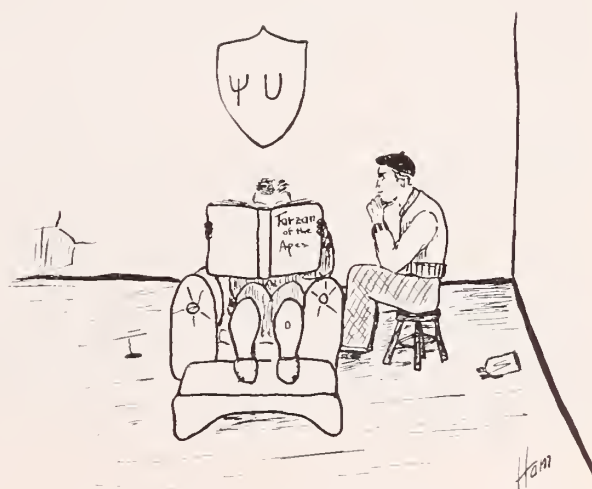
"No" wasn't the only answer I gave him, but it will cover the point for the present.

When the verbal embroidery had died down he did take the corned beef and cabbage. This solved the problem of the Russians. I was certainly not wasting my food. My conscience did not sting from the cook's glance, for my share was gone. But one thing remained for solution—I was still hungry.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW LEHIGH?

1. How many Rhodes scholars has Lehigh had?
2. How long and with what University did Bosey Reiter play football?
3. What was the first social fraternity at Lehigh?
4. Has the University ever had a crew, and if so, for how many years?
6. How many presidents has Lehigh had? Which one of them was of alien birth?
6. When were Brown and White adopted as the college colors?
7. What famous national honorary scholastic fraternity was founded at Lehigh?
8. What man gave \$100,000 for the erection of the main dormitory?
9. What fraternity achieved fame by means of a fish bowl?

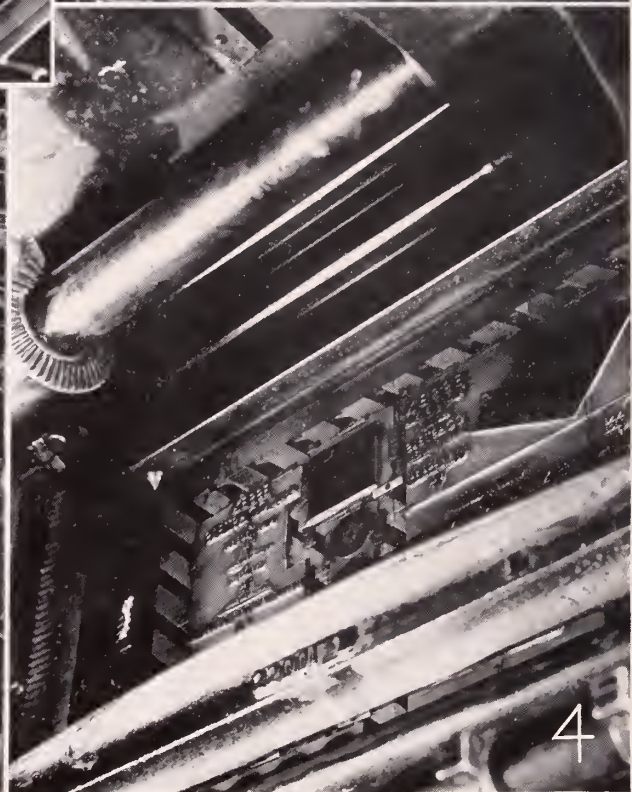
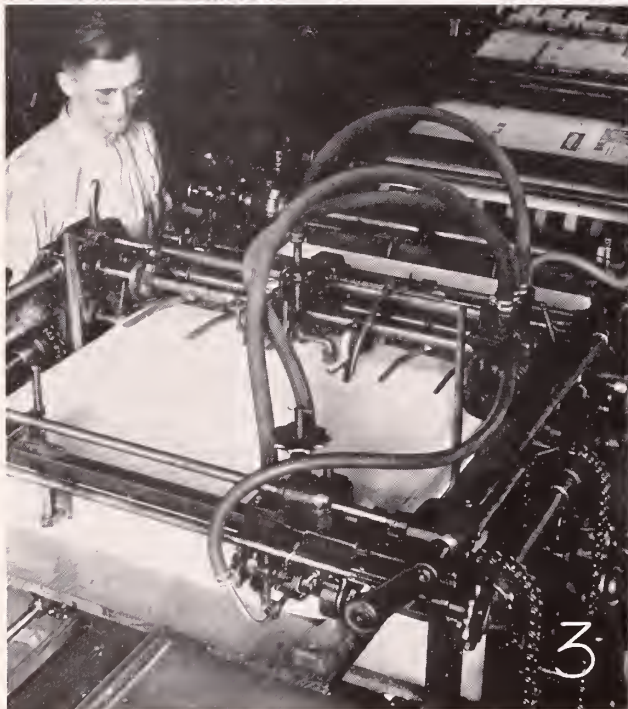
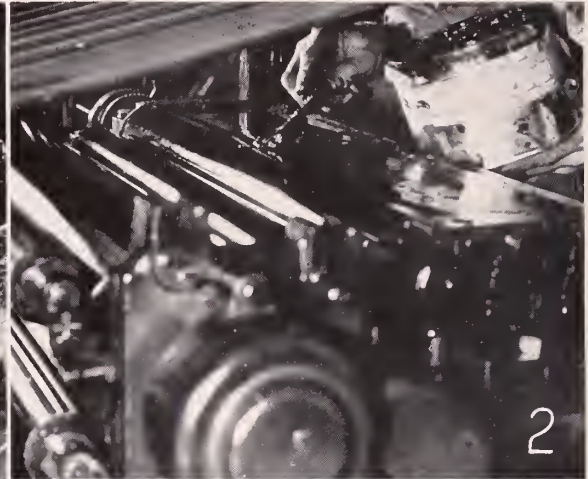
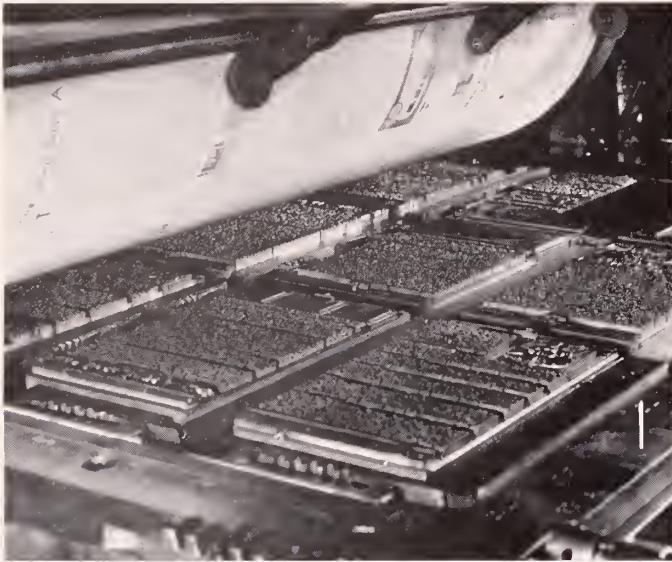
(Answers on Page 27)



Lehigh frosh becoming Lehigh men thru vigilance of Interfraternity Council President.

(Scene—Psi Upsilon belch party.)

Modernistic Press Photos of Your Magazine in the Making



1. Type in the Form.

2. Inking the Rolls.

3. Automatic Feeding.

4. Press in operation.

Keep the Life Stream Pure

By J. E. Tether, Jr., Arts, '34.

President of the Lehigh University Pre-Medical Society.

MAGINE a wide, deep, slow-running stream, encircling the world. It becomes more shallow toward its edges, which are bordered by broad mud-flats. The stream is the Stream of Life. Its muddy margins represent the Land of Death. From its tributaries, our stream picks up quantities of bacterial filth and erosion debris. It can cast off this contamination only by swelling its own volume, by rising and spreading it over the Land of Death at its border. This filthy contamination represents the defectives of the living human race; those who hereditary diseases, the congenital feeble-minded. Its elimination in the Land of Death typifies the operation of Darwin's famous principle, "The Survival of the Fittest," the prime law of heredity.

Now let us picture a cave man, one of the Neanderthal men, as he turns his hairy face to the sun to greet the new day. He puts his hand to his mid-section as he feels a gnawing sensation that tells him his belly is empty. If he has a keen mind in a strong body, he will build a pit-trap to catch the hairy mastodon or mammoth. The experience will make his mind keener and the food will keep his body strong. If his mind is defective and his body diseased, he will starve or fall prey to a saber-tooth tiger. Thus we see the process of natural selection in operation. Our cave-man forbears had to fight fiercely for mere existence. They could not or would not nurse the weak and defective among them, who perished. Only the fittest survived to become the parents of the succeeding generation.

But Darwin's law is Nature's law. Strange as it might seem, it has almost ceased to function among modern, *civilized* human beings. It is opposed and ameliorated by the very principles of civilization our immediate forefathers considered a benefit to the race. Charity and human sympathy have intervened, have weakened the enforcement of Nature's law for the improvement of the species. The weak and defective are now pitied and pampered. They are aided, by the strong, in their struggle to reach maturity and repro-

duce their kind. "Today we breed from the top and bottom, but more rapidly from the bottom. Today the most intelligent and efficient, the strongest strains of blood, as a rule, limit their children to a point that means the extinction of a family in a few generations." We are, in fact, producing a Frankenstein who will, in a few generations, run rampant and destroy us.

Speaking conservatively, 4%, or 4,800,000, of the people of the United States will need the care of an institution for mental diseases at some time before their death. 1%, or 1,200,000, have mentalities of from seven to nine years. It is estimated that 5%, or 6,000,000 of the inhabitants of this country have intellects rating less than 75% that of a normal man. It is also estimated that it costs the civilized world over *five billions of dollars annually* to care for its defectives. Add to that the cost of crime and the heart-aches and horrors caused by these derelicts and you will have a sum of human misery that could be avoided; a sum of money that could and should be used to aid normal, intelligent people who need medical or financial care.

In spite of the best efforts of medical science, this defective population is on the increase. The only methods by which we can check this increase are:

(1) To allow our defectives to compete with normal individuals, which would mean the eventual starvation of the former. (2) To prevent their perpetuation. The first method, it is to be admitted, is primitive and cruel. The second method cannot be accomplished through segregation, since the strictest supervision will not prevent procreation among people so prolific and immoral. Birth control, for such an ignorant and irresponsible group, is also out of the question. The only humane alternative left, therefore, is the *sterilization* of all hereditary defectives.

But sterilization finds the same enemies as has birth control and other developments for human betterment. As a result of the opposition furnished by fanatically religious and militaristic legislators, added to that fur-

nished by those of the "sentimentally humane" type, only a few of our forty-eight states have passed laws for the sterilization of idiots and imbeciles. Even these pioneer states, with the possible exception of California, have not enforced these laws to any great extent under the strong handicap of prejudice they must face. In Michigan, for example, the recent sterilization of a few sub-mental individuals recently brought severe denunciation from two denominations of the church and a threatened lawsuit. We wonder whether a member of one of these denominations would have denounced the castration of normal boys to produce eunuchs with soprano voices for choirs, a genuine atrocity practiced by his own church during the middle ages.

Of course, two wrongs do not make a right, but castration performed on anyone, let alone a normal youth, is a cruel and unusual type of mutilation. It robs a man of manhood, his rightful heritage. The term "sterilization," however, does not necessarily imply castration. It may be performed by vasectomy in the male, or salpingectomy in the female. In vasectomy, the vas deferens, the tube that carries the spermatozoa, or male reproductive cells, from the testicles to the penis, is cut and tied. This operation can be performed by a skillful surgeon in less than five minutes. In salpingectomy, the Fallopian tubes, carrying the human egg or ovum from the ovary to the uterus or womb, are cut and tied; an operation that is no more painful or complicated than one for chronic appendicitis. These methods of sterilization destroy no gland or organ in the body.

The extensive and painstaking investigations carried out in California by the Human Betterment Foundation, under the direction of E. S. Gosney and Paul Popenoe "show that it has no effect upon sex desire, sex performance, or sex feeling of the subject, except a favorable psychological effect in some cases, particularly where the fear of pregnancy is removed."

At a time like this, when the State must cut down on appropriations and economize in every way possible in order to better accomplish National Recovery, the additional expenditure involved in taking care of our ever increasing defective population is economically embarrassing. In the words of Herbert Spencer: "To be a good animal is the first requisite to success in life, and to be a Nation of good animals is the first condition to National prosperity."

Society isolates the leper, the syphilitic, the victim of practically any infectious disease. Society punishes

the thief, imprisons the hardened criminal, inflicts the death penalty on the murderer. It takes control of the liberty and happiness of any person if it considers that action necessary to public welfare. But, although it shuts up a few of its more violent mental defectives in institutions, it allows the majority of them to run loose, to reproduce their kind, to contaminate the Life Stream of our entire population, to spread social leprosy, the diseases of mind, body and soul. An intelligent man would not have children if he knew that those children would not only cause him heartaches, but would constitute a menace to the state as well. Yet many supposedly intelligent men are in favor of that privilege for men and women whose children are bound to be idiots or imbeciles or moral perverts. Let us forget sentimentality and remember future generations. Let us apply our own method of selection if our human tendencies bar Natural Selection. Let us apply sterilization, as the best method we know, to *keep the Life Stream pure*.

YOU ARE GONE FROM ME.

You are gone from me,
 You are gone from me.
 A thousand times this
 Refrain sounds in my ear.
 Alone, I turn to my books; yet,
 In the print of each word I see
 Your name. Across the whole
 Of each page, I see your lovely face.
 In sleep I see you always with me;
 In sun and rain alike I pray for your safety,
 Your happiness. And ever I long, ever
 I wait for your return.
 Lonely, I look upon the moon;
 In such brightness, I remember,
 In such splendor was it that first
 I spoke to you of Love.
 I cast my eyes upon the ground, for
 The haunting refrain begins anew, that
 You are gone from me;
 And I—from you.

—Anonymous.



Two of a Kind

The Editor's Easy Chair

By John D. Neely, Arts, '34.

Actual Experiences of The Epitome Editor.

Along about the middle of May fifteen students gather in an unpublicized meeting and elect one of their number to the position of editor of the Epitome for the following year.

This election occasions no particular excitement among the student body, and, after the customary congratulations, the incident is forgotten. That is, forgotten by all but the very fortunate new editor.

The new editor is automatically transformed from a "nobody" to a "somebody." From the day of his election, he is swamped with telegrams, letters, and long distance telephone calls from printing, photographic, and engraving companies. They are all seeking interviews with the new editor for the purpose of securing the various contracts.

The business manager of the Epitome does not share in this rush because he is not elected until the end of May, when the financial accounts have been closed up.

The competition among companies seeking yearbook contracts is intense. Each attempts to win over the editor by lavish entertainment, wonderful promises, and even bribery. Some will spare no expense in trying to get a contract—whether it be for printing, photography or engraving.

My experiences include two overnight trips to New York, two to Philadelphia, one round trip to Pittsburgh, one to Kutztown, and an invitation to Canton, Ohio—all of them with no expense to me. Also I had numerous luncheon engagements at such places as the Hotel Bethlehem. I was photographed free by three big photographic studios, and turned down a chance to be photographed by others—after all, such a thing does get monotonous.

In return, all I had to do was to listen for hours at a stretch to high power sales talks. But, believe me, that was really gruelling. I have on record three consecutive days last June on which I averaged eight hours of interviews each day. I soon learned to sink into a semi-conscious state for hours at a time, merely nodding at appropriate places during the harangue. And I learned to say "No" at the end of each dissertation, no matter how convincing or golden the promises.

It might be interesting to reveal some of the little golden harvests that a crooked editor can reap on the side, if he so wishes. For example, I was offered a

summer job in the plant of a New York printing company, with wages to start at \$20 a week—if I gave them the contract for printing the EPITOME. Several photographic companies offered me the opportunity to make about \$250, if I gave them the contract for the EPITOME photography. And doubtless if I had wanted graft from others of the bidding companies, I could have received it.

All this may be called the "sweets" of editing a yearbook. Nearly any editor's ego is fully satisfied by the overwhelming attention he receives from the competing business firms.

But the editor's job is not always a bed of roses. In fact, the greater part of the time it is a constant irritation. The editor must decide on the art work for the book, make up a dummy, edit copy, read proof, and supervise the work done by all the members of the staff. Besides the work, he is always beset by a haunting fear that the book will not be published on time—if at all.

The editor is the target for the engraving company, printing company, photographers, students, members of the staff, and the school authorities. If anything unforeseen occurs the editor is notified and held responsible for whatever he does about it. The editor has recourse to no higher authority. He must make decisions, which if right, are forgotten, but if wrong may be disastrous, in which case they are not forgotten.

But the rewards of the editor offset the time, work, and worry that he has expended. Of course he is rewarded financially. This remuneration, contrary to public student opinion, is not too large — especially when it is considered that the editor works, on the average, three hours a day every day for six months. His total remuneration is 25 per cent of the profits of the yearbook. The other 75 per cent is divided among the other members of the staff. No editor has, or ever will, concede that he is overpaid.

Another reward is the business experience he gains. He must oversee the expending of a sum of anywhere from four to six thousand dollars—as much money as is handled by any other extra-curricular activity on the campus. In addition he contacts constantly

(Continued on Page 29)

This Spring's Fashins

By "Bud" Hammer, Bus., '34.



THESE last few weeks must have been more or less profitable weeks for the tailors in and around Bethlehem, as there were few of us who escaped the tragedy of the lower locker room the evening of the Interfraternity Ball. All that any of us can say is that we did need a new coat and go and purchase one of the new balmaccan coats. These come in different weights, heavy for winter and light for spring. The materials in these coats are varied and you have a chance of many patterns. The most popular have plaids and are a bit colorful to the timid soul, but after all, why not try a change once in a while. If you cannot go for this type of coat you may find something more to your liking in a double breasted Shetland. This is a cloth that is light but warm on cold days and seems to be just right for spring and fall. These coats are cut shorter than you are accustomed to but as there is a flare the shortness is not too noticeable.

Say what you will, the odd coat and pants vogue is here to stay. Everywhere today you will see tweed, gaberdine, and flannel coats being worn with trousers of some contrasting color and of some different material. These outfits are fine as long as the color combinations are good.

Sweaters are again becoming very popular with many and are on the market in varied styles and prices. The most popular by far are the light weight sleeveless ones that are worn under a coat. The choice here of color combinations is wider than you will believe. Yellow, blue, dark red, white, brown and grey are just some of the colors that these sweaters are made up in. If you are one of those who prefer long sleeve sweaters they are also made in the same weights and colors.

Even though some people may think that the odd color shirt with white collar looks like the outfit the

old postman used to wear, they are fast becoming the most popular of the new shirts. When they first came out the shirts were in solid colors, later they took to stripes and now they have polka dots and small figures and look better than ever. The tab shirt is perhaps the best bet when we are in a hurry or when we are traveling. These are coming out in all sorts of color combinations and are very loud. Dress shirts, during these week-ends between Christmas and Easter, will keep us poor paying laundry bills. Last Saturday after the initiations there were many dinner jackets worn but very few of the usual stiff shirts were seen. Most everyone had on soft white shirt with a stiff white collar or just a plain white collar-attached shirt. These people looked very comfortable sitting around the tables at various places while their more "proper" brothers sat like sticks, and you all know very well that a stick cannot enjoy a drink or something.

Along with shirts we usually use a tie. Ties are really the bright spots this year. The crochet knit ties are now easier to find around Bethlehem, late but better late than never. To buy a knit tie that will stand up and tie correctly costs a bit but it is worth while, as the cheaper ties will not tie and are of no use after two or three times tied.

Like it or not, this spring most all of the new cloth for suits is very light and has some sort of a plaid. Then Glen Urquhart plaid suits in Saxony fabric wear very well but still are soft and resemble flannel. There is another popular type of suiting, the pronounced over-plaid, in grey, brown, or blue, that is receiving a big rush in many places. These may be had with more or less emphasis on the stripe. Odd coats of these patterns in heavy tweeds make very excellent combinations with contrasting trousers.

A TIMELY ECHO *from the Sanskrit*

Yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision;
But today well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!
Such is the salutation of the Dawn.

—B. S. WEISS

ON COMMENDATION: Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.—*Fielding*.

ON CONCEIT: He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.—*Lavater*.

ON LEARNING: Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands; in unskilled the most mischievous.—*Pope*.

The College Student and National Politics

By D. W. Hoppock, I. E., '36.



WITH the government playing such a large and important part in the life of the people, why is it that the American college student never seriously considers entering government service as a career?

At the present time one seventh of the people of the United States are employed in regular positions by the government, local, state or federal. This figure excludes those with ostensibly temporary work under such agencies as the Civil Construction Corps and the Civil Works Administration. That this proportion is growing larger and not smaller will hardly be disputed by anyone.

With the industrialization of society, its members are becoming more and more dependent upon one another. Advance along these lines can only lead to increasing the importance and scope of government in the affairs of its people. The era of "rugged individualism" has passed in America, as it passed long ago in the older nations of the world. The time is gone when individuals, communities, and regions can boast of their superior prosperity and productivity. Now, any part is dependent upon the whole.

The only agent for the coordination of the parts is the government. Not only the widespread branches of a single great industry, but vastly different industries are so dependent, one upon the other, the cooperation is essential. Even the consumer must be a partner of the producer. All of these statements are evident in the policies of our present Federal Administration.

In foreign nations, practically without exception, the upper class youth, as represented by university students, take an active interest in national and international politics, and many of them train themselves to spend their lives in governmental service. In England, one son of the family almost invariably enters "the service," either local, national, or foreign. The only parallel in the States is the diplomatic service, for which comparatively few young men train themselves at one or two of our colleges in Washington. The result of this training, instigated only since the spoils system has been removed from a majority of diplomatic offices, has been a marked improvement of the efficiency of American embassies and consulates, coupled with a rising tide of career diplomats who represent the best educated class of American youth.

Students in Cuba took an active part, both as members and as leaders, in the recent revolts in Cuba. All

through Latin America, students realize that the destiny of their people rests in the hands of the educated young men of today, who will be the leaders of tomorrow. The youth movement is an integral part of the Nazi program in Germany, and demonstrates that young Germans are not apathetic to the future of the country in which they will spend their lives.

In view of all of these facts, the apparent reluctance of American college men to enter politics is somewhat difficult to understand. One reason lies in the very word "politics", which, due to the magnificent scale with which political corruption is carried on in this country, has had a stigma attached to it which makes a self-respecting man feel that he is lowering himself to accept any political office below that of mayor. Such an office comes only after his abilities have been recognized, and such recognition comes only with business prosperity and middle age. The result is that we have in many offices, the proper execution of which is of vital importance to the well being of the people, either an honest man who, through years of devotion to business, knows little of politics and government, or a professional politician, lacking the education, philosophy, and morale necessary in one who would serve the people.

One step in the right direction would be to remove completely the spoils system from government. This is admittedly a difficult task, yet the application of the Civil Service law to some branches of the functions of the Federal government has been entirely successful, both in execution and result. This would remove the uncertainty factor in the job of the public office holder and would also greatly reduce the potency of political machines which exist on the promises of political appointments. It would also be wise to remove from the appointive field all higher offices whose policies are not a direct concern of the voters. This would provide the opportunity for promotion as a reward for good work, which is essential in any well run organization.

One place where the removal of the political aspect from local government has resulted in a remarkable improvement is the field of the city manager. Communities which have brought in the city manager system of local government have found an increased efficiency and a corresponding reduction in taxes, coupled with freedom from corruption at elections. The city manager is a compound business man, organizer, and

(Continued on Page 28)

BERNARD S. WEISS

People often wonder why three gilt balls are used as a sign by pawnbrokers. Facetious explanations are always made—"faith, hope and charity" and the rest. As a matter of fact, however, the sign is an indirect tribute to the old Medici family of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first great money-lenders, and the Medicis among the first money-lending families. Their coat of arms carried three gold balls and it was this escutcheon that brought into being the now-famous symbol.

o o o

Many coincidences are associated with the deaths of presidents of the United States. Washington, for instance, died at midnight, Saturday, December 14th, 1799—the last hour of the last day in the week of the last month of the last year of the 1700's; and Adams and Jefferson, bitter enemies during their political lives, died only an hour or so apart on July 4th, 1826—exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

o o o

In 367 B. C. was fought what has come to be known as the "Tearless Battle". In the conflict, which was between the Spartans and the combined armies of the Argives and the Arcadians, not one Spartan was lost. It is unique in military history.



What cheer next Stan?
Let's try the new one—No. 7, the Purdue Flicker.

After the death of Nelson in 1805, patriotic Englishwomen commemorated his fame by wearing the "Trafalgar garter" on which was inscribed the slogan "England expects every man will do his duty." Who says the British have no sense of humor?

o o o

An express package addressed to Bedlam, Pa., was delivered promptly into the hands of a Lehigh student. It is interesting to note that the term "Bedlam" was originally a corruption of Bethlehem. The latter was the name of a famous insane asylum in London.

o o o

According to the Salic Law set down by the early Franks it is forbidden a woman to become a ruler of France. This ruling has caused numerous conflicts, yet, strange to say, no other European country has had so many female rulers. Between the twelfth and nineteenth century France had ten female "kings".

o o o

Some of the early conversions seem to have been accomplished by modern high-pressure methods. King Boris of Bulgaria wrote the following note to the Church Council in 870 — immediately after his Baptism: "Up to now we were heathen and only a short time ago we came to know the true God. But not to remain error, we wish to learn from you — to what church de we belong?"

ON IMPRESSIONS: If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favourable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favourable opinion of himself.—*Coleridge*.

ON SPEAKING: If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey*.

ANSWERS TO LEHIGH QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Two—Goepp and Harley.
2. Six years with Princeton.
3. Chi Phi 1872.
4. Yes, for two years.
5. Six—Coppee, Leavitt, Lambertson, Drown, Drinker, and Richards. President Drinker was born in China of American parents.
6. 1875.
8. Tau Beta Pi.
8. Andrew Carnegie.
9. Chi Psi.

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(Continued from Page 26)

engineer, responsible only to a city council, which in turn is responsible to the people at election time. The fact that the members of the city council can turn over all of the work of government to the city manager, makes it possible for acknowledged and incorruptible leaders, who have their own businesses to attend to, to sit on this council. Since he is responsible only to the people, and not to a political machine, the city manager has a free hand to run the city as efficiently as possible, unhampered by graft.

The spread of this type of municipal government opens a large field to the trained man. The increased placing of functions of the state and national government under a similar system will result in many more such opportunities.

The need, as well as the opportunity, for educated men in the field of government is absolutely essential. The welfare of the people will be more dependent upon the government in the future than ever before. In Russia, everything depends upon the government. So it does in many other countries. Competent political observers have likened Russia and the United States to two nations traveling on a circle—each on opposite sides, but in the end reaching the same goal. But Marxism in the United States does not seem probable, for our political institutions have weathered the strain of depression very well, but we have definitely embarked upon a program in which the government has an important interest in practically every economic activity.

Government executives should have a philosophy and social sense that it is possible to get in no place other than college. More of our universities should open courses in political science, practical as well as theoretical. Curricula leading to a thorough understanding of local and state government, as well as of diplomacy, should be established.

Furthermore, every college man should be required to take courses in sociology and government, in the same way that he must now study economics, so that he may be prepared to understand and take part in the tremendous changes in our political and social order which are inevitably coming.

By thus placing the increasingly important governmental functions in the hands of the educated and intelligent of the nation, we can prevent dissatisfaction of the people with their government, and thus prevent the possibility of the crisis and chaos which is so obviously bringing ruin to many nations of the world today.

(Continued from Page 24)

with business men,—printers, engravers, photographers, and cover companies and paper companies.

Finally the experiences gained in the actual building of the EPITOME are most valuable. The editor learns every step in the printing of a book—setting and proofing type; printing the 16-page sections on a Meale press; folding, sewing, and trimming the sheets; and finally binding and pressing the books. He learns how engravings are made, and he learns a great deal about the photographic art.

Personally, I believe that there is absolutely no other position in extra-curricular activities that takes so much of a student's time; yet, on the other hand, gives him more real practical training than the editorship of the EPITOME.

THE MAN WHO BECAME IMMORTAL.

(Continued from Page 7)

ways these *Retus* knew more than we do now. Some profound treatises on mathematics were found, which were probably the original sources of the famed Ahmes papyrus, written many years later. Many beautifully colored plates were found—the pigments still unfaded—revealing the early progress of Egyptian practical arts, paintings, cosmetics, glass and metal workings, and dyeing. Undoubtedly then, this was the original source of material which somehow found its way to the Alexandrian school and became the very foundations of modern chemistry.

One of the most amazing pieces of information which they found explained the motives of a "wild goose chase" of later years which lasted for centuries—the search for the "philosopher's stone." After a rather laborious translation, Stetfield succeeded in reading this very advanced though ancient scientific work on the perpetuation of life, a problem that had been studied more than five thousand years before, in the first great period of learning. These ancient biologists had apparently discovered some substance that retarded the decay and death of body tissue. So closely guarded was this secret that it was never again rediscovered, possibly because the experiments were not entirely successful. Many centuries later the secretive alchemists attempted to rediscover that potential substance, but they had departed far from the track of truth through the many centuries of spurious information. Here in his trembling hands Stetfield held a priceless piece of information that was never given a chance to prove its worth.

Later a scientific item-seeker might have discovered that a prominent Viennese biological research society

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had been making some startling pathological advances, due to the efforts of a young medical student and his Chinese co-worker. These researches dealt primarily with the causes of death, and although it had then been known that death was caused by the auto-intoxication of the body cell, far more was now revealed about vitamins, hormones and enzymes. It was shown that these vital controlling substances entirely govern all the life-processes from beginning to end. Stetfield had been wondering—if these “chemical messengers” could in turn be controlled, their actions so intercepted that metabolism would be stopped—the cells would not demand food or oxygen, and then of course, they would not grow, but *would they die?*

Those Egyptians knew what they were doing, even though they may not have looked into the cell as Stetfield did. They pioneered in this field, unhampered by the many false theories and hypotheses established today. If they could remove the causes of life activity, protect the life from outside destruction, its spark might be preserved indefinitely. After all, no one knows to this day what that spark of life actually is.

Stetfield soon was able to preserve certain tissues in these solutions which prevented the catalytic action of those “chemical messengers,” and later was able to prolong the lives of certain insects whose normal span was only a day, for weeks. His amazing studies continued at this rapid pace for two years. Frequently he had taken vacations with his Oriental companion, and had they been trailed they could always be found hidden away down in that secret Cheops’ chamber, which was still unknown to the outer world. Perhaps he was a selfish scoundrel for not revealing his secret, but he felt an inner conviction of reverence and respect for that wise old monarch whose undecayed remains still floated unmolested on that mercury pool, and he was also well aware at the ingratitude and general untrustworthiness of human nature.

Three years after his eventful discovery he found out something that concerned him far more than anything else—he realized that he was dying—his body had been poisoned by the mercury vapor of that burial pool, which had slowly evaporated for hundreds of centuries and had saturated the surrounding air. All of Stetfield’s newly found knowledge could not save him now—that mercury absorbed into the lungs was a cumulative poison whose removal was impossible in living organisms. He felt like a doomed man—helpless against his Fate. Nothing could be done except to wait and die. This idea did not particularly appeal to him. He finally decided to tell his secret to a few of his most intimate friends. Then he began preparations for the

most amazing project that any single man had ever attempted. First he made a rapid trip around the world—his days were not yet numbered; he visited all the world-famous libraries and publishing houses, acquiring a vast and valuable collection of books, all of which were gems of their field and language. Then he had constructed what his philosophical servant called the “building blocks of knowledge.” They were huge book-cases, not the kind with which we are familiar, but a design made to see the passing of millions of years. They were constructed of three-quarter inch plate chrome-steel, a special alloy that was absolutely eternally resistant to corrosion. Each case was devoted to one particular field of knowledge, containing in concise volumes all that was known in that field in all languages. A “block” of Astronomy contained all that was known about the heavens and our equally vast mathematics; one of Zoology covered the story of animal life from the very earliest geological periods; one was a History of the world telling only of man’s affairs; one was devoted to man’s greatest singular struggle—with woman—in the form of the world’s best classic novels; separate cases were devoted to languages, fine arts, music, drama, physics, chemistry, medicine and anatomy. After each case was filled, it was electrically welded shut, forming one solid, indestructable piece. Through a previously installed valve, a vacuum pump removed all the contained air, and refilled it with the deadly hydrogen cyanide gas to destroy any harmful bacteria that might have been enclosed. The case was then again evacuated, and the valve permanently closed by welding. Stetfield supplied no device for reopening these cases, thinking that those who would be capable of comprehending their contents would also be able to reach them without much difficulty.

All these cases he had quietly transported to the inner chamber of the Pyramid, where they formed the bricks of his mausoleum. “Buried in knowledge”—that paradoxical phrase would become a reality with him. With the assistance of his unerring servant, he then conducted his last experiment—truly one of the most fantastic that man has ever attempted: by strenuous dieting he had practically deflated his alimentary canal; then he had his body exposed to X-Rays of a certain wave length that were fatal to all foreign cells, thus sterilizing the body against bacterial invasion. He injected into his blood an immense dose of that anti-enzyme compound that he had discovered in his European researches. As soon as this was absorbed into the cells, it paralyzed all life processes. To insure that all bodily action would be suspended, he had his heart stopped by an alternating current of such a frequency

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that it did no damage to the tissues, but stopped the synchronous pulsations by temporarily paralyzing the motor nerves. . . .

Thus departed Ronald Stetfield from the world that we know today. The servant, carefully following his last requests, placed his bacterially sterilized body into a chrome steel casket, similar to the bookcases but with some additional equipment, and so constructed that it could be opened from the inside. At one end was installed a very unusual timepiece—a "radium clock." This contained a certain quantity of radioactive ore enclosed in a heavy lead case. After a calculated period of ten thousand years, this ore would decay to an amount of helium gas sufficient to blow open one of the sides of the "clock" exposing Stetfield's body to these activating rays which would destroy the anti-enzyme metabolism-retarder and permit metabolism again to take place in the cells of his body. Before the "alarm" would go off, the lead sheath would protect his body from the rays, and the heat generated by decay would be sufficient to keep his body from freezing, should the outside temperature become very cold. The other burial sacrifices in his casket included an oxygen tank which would be opened with the "alarm," a "fuel" tank of sugar syrup, and a high-powered rifle with a good supply of ammunition. Stetfield had determined that when his day of restoration would come, he would not be caught entirely unprepared.

In a hidden chamber in the Cheops pyramid this body lay preserved in an air-tight chrome-steel casket, protected from decay and waiting for a lead sheath to be pushed out by a radioactive gas whose emanations would then renew life activity by destroying the enzyme-retarder.

For five thousand years those five million tons of granite had withstood the slow and feeble attack of time with scarcely any signs of natural wear. How many more thousands of years it served to protect that casket from the ravages of man and the elements no one will ever know. But this structure, built in the hope of seeing an eternity of time, eventually crumbled. Its cherished secret was revealed, found, and carried away. Unfortunately, Stetfield was not prepared for this. He had not figured on someone else finding him before he found them. His casket was made to be opened only from the inside, but these descendants-of-man had not forgotten the tricks which their ancestors knew. They had powerful *electronic* torches which had already opened some of the time-resistant book-cases, but not without considerable damage to the contents. To Stetfield it would have seemed like a mere coinci-

dence that a minor delay had prevented their applying the torch to his casket; that the helium-clock's delicate mechanism, built never to be moved, had fortunately "tripped," allowing the rays to revive his body and set free the necessary oxygen. He was not surprised to find himself able to emerge from his "cocoon" unassisted. How his heart started was just another "lucky coincidence." Stetfield wasn't the type of man who looked for the explanation of these nearly impossibilities in supernatural activity—the mathematical laws of probabilities were good enough for him; their extremely flexible nature permitted the explanation of such "impossibilities."

He was very thankful for the simplified food-attachment necessary to keep him conscious when every cell in his body, newly awakened, was literally crying out for food—food to burn that it might live to multiply and die. The anti-enzyme had successfully done its work, but now the hormones and other chemical controls were free to function as they had been naturally intended. The invading mercury poison had done no damage while his life rested, and even now he still had a few years to live and see the new world. Since cell-repair was impossible during his prolonged stupor, he got a much-needed rest after celebrating his neo-birthday with a simple sugar-water dinner.

His curiosity soon aroused him; he wanted to know how long he had been preserved—millions of years, he hoped, for evolution was a painfully slow process and he wanted to see great changes. He also wanted to hunt for more food and water, which were still quite necessary for his primitive constitution. But his proposed exploration tour was suddenly cut short by an unexpected difficulty — he was held prisoner in this strange room. He saw a panel which must have been a door, but could not open it. The other walls were entirely bare, and a warm glow from a ceiling metallic-vapor lamp furnished the heat and light.

For some time he was wondering how he would handle his captors, and finally heard an approaching noise. The panel slid open and he stepped over to one side so as not to be seen immediately. A lounge-on-wheels rolled in, carrying a creature that evidently was of the genus *Homo*. He held a simple rod that shone with a strong red ray when he pointed it toward a disk on the wall to close the panel. Stetfield expected that if anyone saw him, they would undoubtedly be frightened. Instead, it was he who shivered when he saw this creature. It had large, bulging eyes, due to heavy artificial lenses fitted over the eyeballs. (Generations of educational reading and unfiltered ultra-violet artificial illumination had taken its toll by developing uni-

Ed. Newman

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versal myopia.)

The creature arose to walk toward him, holding up its rod. It was terribly stunted and with its deformed limbs, walking was rather difficult. Stetfield held out his hand and spoke a greeting of friendly intentions, although he well knew that the sound would mean little to the stranger. To return his greeting, the creature struck the extended hand with its rod and allowed some song-like noises to emerge from its throat. The tone was persuasive, so Stetfield stepped over to the vehicle when the thing pointed in that direction. They both sat down and the creature held his arm when it started the car, lest he be afraid. As they approached a much-traveled corridor, Stetfield hoped that the people would not start a panic to see him. Consequently he was much annoyed when scarcely anyone paid more than incidental attention to their car. Certainly he didn't look or dress like these awkward creatures.

The ride terminated in a large court-room. Now he expected to be put up for trial and, misunderstood, thrown into some prison. But this was the office of the municipal Intelligence—the Scientate. Evidently everybody was very busy for they made no attempt to crowd around him—a momentary stare, and they resumed their work. The Scientate, after realizing that conversation was impossible, gave orders to take him away. Had Stetfield objected, he might have easily done so, for there were absolutely no provisions for violent action of any kind. He was led into a large research room where his book collections were being examined. Already they must have understood much, for he was placed at a projection machine which began showing pictures—a sure means of understanding. It began with a picture of the world not long after his natural life, about 2000 A. D. There had been an era outstanding in scientific “advances”—new theories, new laws, new discoveries, replacing, contradicting, forgetting the “old.”

He was much dismayed to see how very temporary were all the scientific triumphs of his day—mere stepping-stones in the asymptotic approach to truth; it seemed more like the approach of one parallel line to another which was separated by more or less of an infinity. But the motives were good, and the results were generally good, so nobody was kicking. But far more important than those scientific progressions was the great social change through which he had slept. The projection screen began showing scenes of the gradual rise of woman's power. Even in his own time, Stetfield had become aware of an outstanding movement in the “balance of power” in the social system. Then, while he slept, woman had achieved more and more “equal

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The REVIEW Board wishes to employ this meagre method to express its appreciation and gratitude for the co-operation, helpful criticisms and labor placed at our disposal by McCAA STUDIOS, of Bethlehem, and MAYER and COOK, of New York. These two organizations have been of invaluable assistance in building the REVIEW to its present proportions and appeal.

The interest of GOODWIN PERKINS PAPER COMPANY, Fifth Avenue, New York, and CHAMPION PAPER COMPANY, Pottstown, New York, is also appreciated.

Before this school year closes and the appearance of the last REVIEW, with yet greater selection of appealing material, these four companies we hope will still be playing an important role in helping the REVIEW staff maintain its promise, made early in the year, to give the fellows a real magazine on and for Lehigh men.

AT RANDOM QUITE

Theodore Ehram, Jr., Arts '31

The other day
A fellow I knew
Came to me and said
He wasn't getting anything
Out of college.
Strangely enough
He's the same fellow
Who neglected his work
All of last year
Just cramming enough
At exam time
To get by.
And I wonder
Whether his attitude
Or the college
Is to blame.

rights." The sense of new-found freedom, liberties, and happiness as a result of ever-increasing luxuries seemed to sharpen her appetite farther than satisfy it. Woman began to bend her efforts to more ambitious achievements than gaining the attentions of her partners-in-propagation. Cave-man stuff became classified with fairy-tales. Men had no objections to letting some one help him in controlling the reins of civilization, until . . .

The results were not what might have been expected; woman's ambition carried her a bit too far; she wanted to hold the reins alone; she used those powerful natural weapons for methods that were by no means altruistic. Finally, when women had gained complete control, the inevitable results began to develop: these feminine rulers were forever reaching at each others throats—declaration led to dispute, and eventually the entire world was plunged into a frightful war, every bit as horrible as predicted by those ancient "crepe-hangers," because the inciters had the ingenious craftiness of a dozen Borgias. The sight of blood, their favorite "heat-wave" color seemed to raise their passionate efforts rather than dismay them. Naturally this new order did not last long. Weakened by this frightful self-destruction, a sudden unexpected attack from man's greatest natural enemy—the insect world, almost caused a wholesale annihilation by consuming the little remaining post-war food supplies, and spreading the vicious plagues that had been devised and spread as tools of war. The remaining men realized the desperate situation they had to face: they organized for the great overthrow.

Another bloody revolt, nearer to extermination, and then the men again had control. They immediately imprisoned all of the women, executed the worst instigators, and decided the fate of the remaining ones. Where was their respect for womanhood, motherhood? They had none—the women had become their "equal"—equally vulgar, equally vicious, hence equally treated.

No other major tragedy in the entire Cro-Magnon race had so lasting an effect upon the victims and their descendents. All women were strictly subjugated, handled and fed like so many cows. As for the men, the soft-hearted traitors were soon eliminated, and a careful educational maintenance provided for the instillation of an intense hatred of the young boys for all those world-wreckers. The girls were kept sublimely ignorant, and were retained only for the purpose of continuing the race. Scientific isolation of those hormones controlling pre-natal development and consequent artificial control made possible a speedy early development, and the child was taken away from its

THE NEW REVIEW EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

Since the REVIEW, a short time ago, inaugurated its new department of Exchanges we have received many magazines from colleges and universities.

Those magazines we wish to acknowledge receipt of follow:

"The Grackle," Mt. St. Joseph College.

"The Advocate," Harvard University.

"The College Journal," Georgetown University.

"The Lit.," Princeton University.

"The St. John's Epitome," St. John's College.

It is our plan and ambition to further increase the number of exchanges and reprint articles from those we receive which are timely and justify the space needed in order to present them to Lehigh.

In reviewing these publications, from other institutions, our general reaction was one of wonderment at their educational material and make-up coupled with our embarrassment for what they must have thought on seeing the magazine we sent. These self criticisms we hope will greatly bolster our ambitions and help guide us in eventually making the REVIEW a publication at which others will wonder and to which Lehigh can point with pride.

mother before she could have had any lasting influence upon it. For the remaining "equality women" rather severe methods had to be employed, but after several generations the female of the species became far more stupid than she had ever been, compared to her man. The retrogressive path caused rapid changes, when "intelligently" directed.

This was the beautiful picture laid before Stetfield's eyes. He saw these deformed men, deformed by continued interference with natural early development—emotionless men, emotionless because violent action of any sort caused unhappiness. . . . He saw their women, treated with no more respect than a stupid dog, forced to do all the menial labor not yet possible by machinery, fattened that their material yield might be improved.

Stetfield arose and staggered over to the adjoining room where the investigators were examining his coffin contents. He took his Enfield rifle, loaded it, slowly kneeled, guided the muzzle to his temple with one hand, and then with his other pressed the trigger.

ON IDLENESS: Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for while you give to him today he steals from you tomorrow.—*Crowquill*

ON PREJUDICE: The cask will long retain the flavor of that with which it was first filled.—*Horace*.

OUR CAMPUS COPS

By C. G. ROPER, *Eng. Phys.*, '35.

On motor cycles they do ride,
Up and down the mountainside,
While skulkers off the road do hide
Unseen by the campus cops.

They make their campus rounds each day,
With "blithering" speed as Carothers would say,
They'll keep the campus safe some way,
They might even earn their pay,
They are the campus cops.

In prohibited zones it is not worth
Parking's restricted on this earth;
Those red cards that have no death,
Will bring Dean Curtis untold mirth;
Beware! the campus cops.

If something's missing have no fear,
They may find it in a year,
But if stolen, your loss is clear,
The thief had nought to worry here—
Safe by the campus cops.

(Continued from Page 10)

work in the R. O. T. C. at Lehigh.

The first two charms in the last row represent the Musical Clubs and Band. Each year the latter increases its reputation as an outstanding collegiate band. Besides being of interest to the students, both of these organizations are strong advertisements for Lehigh.

The mask, symbolical of the stage, is the key of the Mustard and Cheese Club. This year the society has produced the most outstanding play, from the stand-point of student interest, that has been given at Lehigh in a long time. Perhaps soon, a revival of the musical shows and male choruses may be possible.

The next activity represented is the Brown Key Society. This organization, composed of assistant managers of teams, has as its purpose, the welcoming and entertainment of teams. An important part of a university's reputation is built by the people who are its visitors. Thus, the work of the Brown Key is of particular value to the University.

The last two keys listed are those representing two of Lehigh's athletic teams, fencing and lacrosse, which are not sponsored by the athletic department. The fencing team is especially to be commended on the splendid way it has continued for years in placing good teams against a list of formidable opponents without University support. In regard to officially unrecognized sports, the athletic department has recently authorized permission to wear a minor L to members of these teams who are eligible under certain requirements arranged between the team and the athletic department.

The lacrosse team is likewise to be commended because it has carried on in spite of a lack of support from the university. It has shown that Lehigh students are interested in the sport and will strive to hold interest until the university is able to reinstate it as a recognized part of the athletic department. The key as shown was awarded to those men who would have received letters had the university felt inclined to do so.

In writing of only the societies as are represented on page — it was necessary to omit discussion on many of the more important organizations on the campus. Perhaps, however, it has been of value to point out the nature of certain less well known groups and to show in some cases, where definite improvements in campus activities could be made.

Collegiate Exchange

One Three Dollar Seat

By James A. Gannon, Jr., '34.

Editor-in-chief of The Georgetown Journal.

"A THREE dollar seat. As far down as I can get, please." She tossed into the window three crumpled bills, with a pale hand that sought to be casual, and received the green ticket. It was early, yet. She noticed how huge the magnificent auditorium seemed with so few people in it, as the usher led her down the aisle. Lord, he was going far front—to the fifth row orchestra! A freak of luck, getting this seat, probably because she came early. "Freak of luck,"—she grinned. This would be the only occasion on which she had the faintest semblance of luck in three months. Three months—could it have been only three months ago? Far back in that past, she had first come to The City, and had had her brilliant hopes and glamorous expectations smashed, immediately, inexorably. That, she was to learn, was the way The City did things, grimly, impersonally. Her first flighty pangs of self pity swiftly gave way to desperation, as the helplessness of her situation overwhelmed her. No opportunities, no positions, and finally, no jobs—not any, at all. Countless searchings, attempts, disappointments, failures and rebuffs soon levelled the peak of her once towering ambitions to the vision of employment, if only temporary, as a clerk, a waitress, or even a scrubwoman. But not a bit of work was available in all the length and breadth of this cold, self-sufficient, busy city. She was rejected everywhere as mechanically and as mathematically as if it were all a part of the functioning of a machine. In the meanwhile, her initial modest supply of money had been steadily devoured until now, with no prospects, no friends, nothing and no one concerned by her predicament there was left,—three dollars. This was a final reckless gesture of defiance against the practical, material pragmatism of The City—the last cent to her name, flung away on a violin concert! It was impractical, foolish, idealistic, and those things were frowned upon by The City. And that was exactly why she was doing it! After that—nothing. A roomful of gas, if she could; otherwise, the river.

Now other people were arriving. Down in this section, they were mostly all sleek, in immaculate evening clothes. She sat huddled on a seat in their midst, gaunt, in her only soiled, rumpled everyday dress. They didn't stare at her. But they didn't have to, to convey quite clearly just what they thought and were whispering about her. Well, if she mattered to nobody, let nobody matter to her. Soon the hall filled to capacity. This was to be no ordinary concert—one of the outstanding virtuosi of the world. Delightfully ironical! Now the lights were being dimmed, all but those on the stage. How clean, colorful,—exciting, everything looked! A murmur and round of applause as a door on the right opened and the violinist came on the stage. Heavens, what a young looking man! Dignified and artistic appearing, too. A hush as he tunes his violin—rich, sonorous tones, even on the open strings. Dead silence as he poises his bow, ready to play. Clear, spirited notes, she thought, lively, graceful and sure. This first number was a concerto. She leaned back and just listened. He was wonderful! He played with all the spirit, the grace, the delightful, singing joy,—just as anyone could have wished it played—just as she would have played it herself, if she could! Gradually she relaxed; that is all of her except something—something was tautening, something that hadn't stirred for a long while. The third movement, and the coda,—and it ended with a dynamic fire that swept you up with it and left you resounding, quivering. Then there burst forth a thunderous volley of applause — sustained, enthusiastic. The next number was a quiet one, with a cultured grace that thrilled her, and a calm, glad song that refreshed her, and rested her. She could close her eyes and see pictures, and watch dreams as they drifted by. She hadn't felt this way for a long time. A way back, at home, in church, she remembered this state. The little country town she had left, to set the world ablaze. A throng of those simple folks had come by to see her off, and wish her luck. Nearly everything but

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NIGHT

Night is a ghost,
 Who, at the close of day
 Stretches his fingers across the East
 And, as the hours pass,
 Casts his mantle of blackness o'er the
 earth—
 And all is dark.

—D. Wendell Fentress, '36

a band. And now—she couldn't go back. She had hardly even thought of it. It was more than pride, more than stubbornness. 'Give no quarter and expect none,' that was the spirit of The City—the spirit that had been crushing into her. But, was it her spirit, the spirit of her kind? She began to wonder. Then the piece ended. For a few moments a charmed silence reigned. Then a spontaneous acclaim as the artist left the stage, a deafening tumult that persisted after he left, and burst forth with renewed vigor as he emerged for two bows, and subsided into an expectant hush as he came out again with his violin for an encore. The piano played the opening chords of a simple, beloved home song, and you could hear the audience catch its breath as it recognized the favorite bars. He played. He added nothing to the plain, homely melody, but he played the song in its own appealing sweetness and purity. Something was peacefully thrilling inside of her. She had felt this same way, back home, in the fields at sunset, or sitting around the fire after dinner with her mother and father. Her own old father and mother—sweet, simple folk, who adored her, who believe in her. In pride first, then in shame, had she neglected their earnest letters. Then she'd forgotten about them. Mother kept on writing, for quite a while, but she had been too busy, too preoccupied, to notice or remember. Busy trying to master the clashing, grinding ways of thinking and doing of The City. Ways that led to—what? Those rude, kindly folk back home were too simple, too peaceful, too contented. Their human, loveable philosophy led to a happiness and serenity of soul that humbly ignored the inhuman clash of The City's credo. Humbly ignored, yet sublimely overshadowed it. The concert ended.

* * * * *

The next day, in a little old town 'way out in the country, two grey haired folk tremulously opened a telegram which read "Am coming home. Please wire funds. Betty Ann."

HEPHAESTUS

Bow your head, oh lovely Aphrodite:
 Bow and be shamed, Athena, worshipped of old.
 Hephaestus, god of fire, has proved more mighty;
 His name the altars of today uphold.
 Our temples now are forges of Hephaestus,
 His votaries are spiritless and small,
 His priestesses unsanctified detest us,
 His oracles all happiness forestall.
 Oh, why should you to his false faith submit?
 Why hide yourselves away from human sight?
 Return, celestial beings, and outwit
 The evil-working denizens of Night.

—Bernard S. Weiss.

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